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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Abraham Lincoln

One hundred and fourteen years ago in the wilderness of Kentucky, Abraham Lincoln was born. His home was a log cabin, his environment of the poorest. He had no teachers, nor could he go to school as our children do today. There was something in that boy, however, that teachers and schools and wealth and advantages could not give him.

It was a divine spirit that urged him on and on toward his destined goal—the spirit to better mankind.

He became President of the United States. He was big enough to overcome tremendous obstacles in order to achieve this honor. And even as a president he was no different than as a poor country boy. We all know that "humbleness is a sign of greatness."

The divine spirit in Lincoln that caused him to dedicate his life to the principles of freedom, that made him the emancipator of the slaves and preserver of the Union reminds us of the Hebrew prophets of old. We see in his life the ideas that they possessed.

Lincoln belongs to the generation of new Prophets. His statesmanship can be compared with that of Isaiah. His broad vision and his abiding faith in his Creator, his sorrow at the hardship of his people and their suffering—do we not find these in Jeremiah? He was the spiritual commander-in-chief of the American armies as the Prophets were the spiritual leaders of Israel. It took strength and courage of a Prophet to act in accordance with the convictions Lincoln possessed. That deep religious feeling which so permeated the Prophets, enabled him to undergo his many trials with a calmness of spirit that is inspired of God.

Even his tragic death is not unlike the martyrdom of the leaders of Israel.

He takes his place as a great leader in history because, like the Jewish leaders, he won a spiritual victory and thus made the world a better place for mankind to live in.—*C. E. Shulman.*

Lincoln and People

The dominant note in Abraham Lincoln, heard more clearly as we are removed from the crash of his time, is his belief in that vast, spiritual something we call The People. All the people. That they know really what to do in common affairs every day and in the great crises.

That they are wiser than any statesman who presumes to lead them, can rule themselves better than any king can rule them, have more sound sense than any philosopher who would teach them, and are better than any religious sect that would uplift them.

Believing in The People is like believing in God; many talk of it, but few do it.

And yet it is The People that most surely work justice in the end. No judgment is so right and true as the judgment of Mankind.

It is The People who finally condemned human slavery, gladiatorial games, trial by torture, and the burning of witches. And what The People settle is settled forever. Their decision, issued from the august throne of Time, is never reversed.

Great reforms never turn back. The People may be vain, fickle and foolish at times, but their common sense never wholly leaves them, their heart is never corrupt. Any appeal to them must be just. They are close to God.

No program of cruelty or selfish privilege can ever carry with them permanently. By and by it is the lofty ideal they follow, the noble purpose they understand.

The creed of Lincoln and his kind of democracy is the homely one. "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

Lincoln's ear was always at the breast of The People. He heard their heart. He sensed their will by the psychic skill of faith. He did not know; he divined. His conclusion was not the output of a logic mill in his head; it was a pointing of the compass within his heart.

He felt The People. Because he was of them. He had struggled up through their privations, had shared

their longings, had battled with their limitations. And when he reached his place of power, and stood to command as the ruler of a mighty nation, he was no royal stranger, no superman, but wholly human, of The People still, bone of their bone.

He was without form or comeliness, yet The People clung to him with that swift, true, unreasoning, passionate trust that only heroes can awaken.

The People are the true Supreme Court. The People's eventual word is as the Day of Judgment. The voice of the People at last is the voice of God.

If any man despise The People, sneer at them, hold himself above them; withdraw from them, and does any otherwise than love them and believe in them, he has passed sentence upon his own self as a perverted egotist.

For The People are wholesome as is the sunshine, or the wide sea, or the mountains. They are more people moral than any saint or church. They are utterly incorruptible.

God can see Himself reflected without flaw in no man's heart, no woman's, no cult, no esoteric group. But in The People, in All in Humanity, He can see His face.

All this is not argument. We speak of things that are higher than that. We speak of faith, loftiest, most daring function of the soul. And in Lincoln we see the man who believed this as saints believed in God. Do you? Or can you hardly grasp it?—*Dr. Frank Crane.*

How Lincoln Earned His First Dollar.

"Seward," he said; "you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?"

"No," said Mr. Seward.

"Well," replied Lincoln, "I was 18 years of age, and belonged, as you know, to what they call down South the 'scrubs,' people who do not own land and slaves are nobody there, but we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion I had got the consent of my mother to go, and had constructed a flatboat large enough to take the few barrels of things we had gathered down to New Orleans. A steamer was going down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, they were to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new boat and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any part, when two men with trunks came down to the shore in carriages, and, looking at different boats, singled out mine and asked: 'Who owns this?' I answered modestly, 'I do.' 'Will,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something and supposed that each of them would give me a couple of bits. The trunks were put in my boat, the passengers seated themselves on them and I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board and I lifted the trunk and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out, 'You have forgotten to pay me.' Each of them took from his pocket a silver half dollar and threw it on the bottom of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money.

You may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle, but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, the poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day; that by honest work I earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time.

Soon after this, while he was working for Mr. Gentry, the leading citizen of Gentryville, his employer decided to send his son to New Orleans with a load of produce and chose young Lincoln to go as "bow-hand," "to work the front oars." For this trip he received \$8 a month and his passage back as a deck passenger on a steamer.—*The Minneapolis Tribune.*

Lincoln at Cooper Union

"When Lincoln rose to speak, I was greatly disappointed. He was tall, tall, oh, so tall, and so angular and awkward that I had for an instant a feeling of pity for so ungainly a man. He began in a low tone of voice, as if he were used to speaking out of doors, and was afraid of speaking too loud.

"He said 'Mr. Cheerman,' instead of 'Mr. Chairman,' and employed many other words with an old-fashioned pronunciation. I said to myself, 'Old fellow, you won't do; it is all very well for the Wild West, but this will never go down in New York.' But pretty soon he began to get into the subject; he straightened up, made regular and graceful gestures; his face lighted as with an inward fire; the whole man was transformed. I forgot the clothing, his personal appearance, and his individual peculiarities. Presently, forgetting myself, I was on my feet with the rest, yelling like a wild Indian, cheering the wonderful man. In the closing parts of his argument, you could hear the gentle sizzling of the gas burners.

"When he reached a climax, the thunders of applause were terrific. It was a great speech. When I came out of the hall my face was glowing with excitement and my frame all a-quiver. A friend, with his eyes aglow, asked me what I thought of Abe Lincoln, the rail-splitter. I said, 'He's the greatest man since St. Paul.' And I think so yet."

Lincoln and John Sherman

Secretary Sherman says he never will forget his first meeting with a president. It was shortly after Lincoln's inauguration, and he attended a public reception, fell into line, and waited an hour or two for a chance to shake hands with the Great Emancipator.

"During this time," says Mr. Sherman, "I was wondering what I should say and what Lincoln would do when we met. At last it came my turn to be presented. Lincoln looked at me a moment, extended his hand, and said: 'You're a pretty tall fellow, aren't you? Stand up here with me, back to back, and let's see which is the taller.'"

"In another moment I was standing back to back with the greatest man of his age. Naturally I was quite abashed by this unexpected evidence of democracy.

"You're from the West, aren't you?" inquired Lincoln.

"My home is in Ohio," I replied.

"I thought so," he said, "that's the kind of men they raise out there."

Lincoln and the Soldier

One day in May, 1863, while the great war raged between the North and South, President Lincoln paid a visit to one of the military hospitals, says an exchange. He had spoken many cheering words of sympathy to the wounded as he proceeded through the various wards, and now he was at the bedside of a Vermont boy of about sixteen years of age, who lay there mortally wounded.

Taking the dying boy's thin, white hands in his own, the President said, in a tender tone:

"Well, my poor boy, what can I do for you?"

The young fellow looked up into the President's kindly face and asked: "Won't you write to my mother for me?"

"That I will," answered Mr. Lincoln; and calling for a pen, ink and paper, he seated himself by the side of the bed and wrote from the boy's dictation. It was a long letter, but the President betrayed no sign of weariness. When it was finished, he rose saying:

"It will post this as soon as I get back to my office. Now is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Won't you stay with me?" he asked. "I do want to hold on to your hand."

Mr. Lincoln at once perceived the lad's meaning. The appeal was too strong for him to resist; so he sat down by his side and took hold of his hand. For two hours the President sat there patiently as though he had been the boy's father.

When the end came he bent over

and folded the thin hands over his breast. As he did so he burst into tears, and when, soon afterward, he left the hospital, they were still streaming down his cheeks.

The Story of Abraham Lincoln

A poor little cabin stood on the banks of a small stream in Kentucky, where Thomas and Nancy Lincoln lived! But the baby boy that came to them on Sunday, February 12th, 1809, more than a hundred years ago, grew up to be our loved and honored president, Abraham Lincoln.

Bear and panthers prowled around that lonely hut in the woods, as that part of Kentucky was a wilderness then. Settlers' cabins in "the clearings" were few and far between.

Little Abraham's father could not read or write. But his mother was a fine woman and, busy as she was, she found time to teach little Abraham and his sister Sarah to read and spell.

She made a deer-skin suit for her little boy. There were no stores, and the Lincolns had no money to spend, had there been stores.

Before Abraham was seven years old the family moved to Indiana. The family had little to move, only some pots and pans, a little bedding and a few clothes.

They walked all the long ninety miles to the new home. They camped out every night. Little Abraham enjoyed that journey through the forest. It was full of adventure.

In Indiana the children had a chance to go to school for a little while. But, oh, how hard you would have thought it! For they had to walk eight miles, and only cornbread to eat.

In all his life, Lincoln had only a year's schooling, counting all the days together.

Little Abraham helped his father build the new cabin on Pigeon Creek in Indiana, and to make the rough furniture from the logs they cut in the woods. What a little fellow to work so hard! He was a kindly, thoughtful, truthful boy, too.

He was very fond of reading. He had only three books, the Bible, Aesop's Fables, and the "Pilgrim Progress." He knew these almost by heart.

When Abraham was nine years old, his good mother died. How the lonely little fellow mourned for her! By and by a loving, capable step-mother came to the forlorn cabin. She, too, loved little Abraham and did all she could for him. How proud his mother and his step-mother would have been of the man that poor little boy became, our beloved President Lincoln, "the greatest, wisest, noblest, truest man of the nineteenth century!"

He was a tall man and not hand some. But he was so simple, kindly sunny and truthful that everyone loved him. And he was so noble, true, eloquent and able, that no one could help admiring him.

He was a chore-boy, rail-splitter, clerk, store keeper, soldier, postmaster, lawyer, representative to Congress, and, at last, our loved and world-honored President.

When he died, the whole world mourned him. And year by year, we realize more and more his nobility and his greatness.

"His is a story, boys and girls of America, that you can never know too well; for it tells you how the poorest boy can reach the highest power, through ways more wonderful, and by paths more difficult, than were ever trod by hero in wonder story or prince in fairy tale."

During the Civil war an Austrian count applied to President Lincoln for a position in the army. He was introduced by the Austrian minister, but as if fearing that his importance might not be duly appreciated, he proceeded to expain his nobility and high standing. With a merry twinkle in his eye, Mr. Lincoln laid his hand on the count's shoulder and said:

"Never mind; you shall be treated with just as much consideration for all that."

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,
Fort Smith, Ark

Short Lincoln Chronology

Why is it that the whole world holds in highest esteem and veneration, Abraham Lincoln? Is it because he was once the President of these United States? Not at all. Is it because he rose from the obscurity of the backwoods to the foremost citizen of his day? Not at all. Is it because he was commander-in-chief of the nation's victorious armies, and saved his country from national death?

Not at all. Other presidents and other citizens have to their credit distinction equally as great. They agree that Lincoln was the greatest figure in American history because he kept his character clean, because he did not misuse his great power as executive, because he kept honesty and integrity unsullied, his name blameless. The character of Lincoln stands out supreme above his achievements. The name of Lincoln was not tarnished as it passed through poverty, through hardships, through fratricidal war. There was no place in his character for malice, for hatred, for covetousness, for envy, for personal glory. In his rise from wood splitter to the nation's executive he did not lose his character. Justice, righteousness, honesty, these are the qualities you find in his private life, these are the qualities you find in his public life.—*Our Paper.*

LINCOLN CHRONOLOGY

Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin near Hodgenville, now Larned County, Ky., February 12th, 1809—112 years ago.

His father moved with his family into the wilderness near Gentryville, Ind., 1816.

His mother died at the age of 35. His father married the following year.

He walked nine miles a day going and returning from school, 1826.

He made a trip to New Orleans and back at work on a flat boat, 1828.

He drove in on an ox cart with his father and step-mother to a clearing on the Sangamon River, near Decatur, Ill., 1829.

He split rails to surround the clearing with a fence.

He made another flat boat trip to New Orleans and back, on which trip he first saw negroes shackled together in chains and became an opponent of slavery, May, 1831.

He began work in a store at New Salem, Ill., August, 1831.

He enlisted in the Black Hawk war and was elected a captain of volunteers, 1832.

He became a Whig candidate for the legislature and was defeated, 1832.

He was storekeeper, postmaster and surveyor, in one year, 1833.

Elected to the Illinois legislature, 1834.

Re-elected to the legislature for seven years.

Studied law at Springfield, 1837.

Married Mary Todd, November 4, 1842, when he was thirty-three years old.

He was elected to congress, 1836. Engaged in law practice, 1849—1854.

Debated with Douglas at Peoria and Springfield, 1857.

Aided in organizing the Republican party, 1855.

Joint debates in Illinois with Stephen A. Douglas, 1858.

Made political speeches in Iowa, 1859.

Visited New York and spoke at Cooper Union, February, 1860.

Attended Republican state convention at Decatur, declared to be the choice of Illinois for president, May, 1860.

Nominated at Chicago as the Republican candidate for president, May 16th, 1860.

Elected president over Stephen A. Douglas, J. C. Breckenridge and John Bell, November, 1860.

Inaugurated president, March 4, 1861.

Issued first orders for troops to put down the rebellion, April, 15, 1861.

Urged McClelland to advance, April 1862.

Appealed for the support of the border states for the Union cause, March to July, 1862.

Called for 300,000 more troops, July, 1862.

Issued emancipation proclamation, January 1st, 1863.

Thanked Grant for capture of Vicksburg, July, 1863.

His address at Gettysburg, November 19th, 1864.

Called for 500,000 volunteers July, 1864.

Re-nominated and re-elected president.

Thanked Sherman for the capture of Atlanta, September, 1864.

His second inauguration, March 4th, 1865.

Lincoln Gems

"The struggle of today is not altogether for today: it is for a future also."

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us do our duty as we understand it."

"No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned."

They Were all Poor Boys.

John Adams, second president, was the son of parents of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was reared in the pine woods for which the State is famous.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a new farm in North Carolina. He was afterwards a clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer, and his home was a very humble one. He learned the business of clothier.

James Buchanan was born in a small town in the Allegheny Mountains. His father cut the logs and built a house in what was then a wilderness.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a very poor farmer in Kentucky, and lived in a log cabin until he was 21 years old.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school and picked up all the education he ever had.

U. S. Grant lived the life of a common boy, in a common house, on the banks of the Ohio River, until he was seven years of age.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on the farm until he was strong enough to use carpenter's tools, when he learned the trade. He afterwards worked on a canal.

Changes in Forest Growth

It has been remarked by many authorities on forestry that when one species of trees has been removed its place is regularly taken by trees of another kind. Those who delight in forest landscape cannot fail to observe the same change. This is accounted for by some on the supposition that the soil has become impoverished of elements that supported the original growth, and that it is no longer suited to the further production of such forests.

This theory is in but small part true. In almost every instance a forest covered soil is being increased and enriched for the continuance of whatever growth is at any time upon it. The change of species is owing to change in conditions. Everywhere in the Northern States, where a mixed growth of hard wood and of soft wood was native to the soil, the change has been all in one direction. The hard wood has given way to the soft. Persons who have observed with any thought the appearance of New England landscapes for fifty years or more, are well aware that the hills are now wearing darker robes than they were when the now old men were boys.

The same thing has been observed in England. The Scotch fir has become so plentiful since its introduction in 1776 that one can hardly imagine such rapid and extensive propagation on the part of a forest tree.

Everywhere the change is in the same direction, from the deciduous trees to the evergreen; that is, from those of the falling leaf to those that keep their verdure all the year round.

This results from the practice of

pasturing woodlands to domestic cattle. These animals eat greedily every young beech and maple that they can find. They have no relish for the young fir and spruce trees, with their dry and prickly foliage. Then again the resins secreted by the evergreens seem to be unpalatable to all animals except sheep and deer. These will browse upon even the pitch pine under stress of hunger, when snow is deep on the grounds.

In a state of nature, or under the husbandry of the savages, a certain balance of power was maintained among forest trees. The squirrels ate the beechnuts, acorns and spruce seeds, with seemingly equal zest. They made return for their requisitions upon the beeches and oaks by burying at intervals the nuts and acorns. None of the seeds of evergreens need any such planting. They are all of them light, and are furnished with wings, so that the wind that shakes them from the cone carries them sometimes for miles. Wherever they happen to alight upon the soil they germinate and take root. They need no covering.

In the New Forest of England the tenant population has enjoyed the right of "pannage," that is, of pasturing pigs in the woods. These animals eat all the nuts and acorns they can find, and very few seeds escape them.—*Selected.*

The Uses of Ice

In health no one ought to drink very freely of ice water, for it has occasioned fatal inflammations of the stomach and bowels, and sometimes sudden death. The temptation to drink it is very great in summer. To use it at all with any safety a person should take but a swallow at a time, taking the glass from the lips for half a minute, and then another swallow, and so on. It will be found that in this way it becomes disagreeable after a few mouthfuls. On the other hand, ice itself may be taken as freely as possible, not only without injury, but with the most striking advantage in dangerous forms of disease.

A kind of cushion of powdered ice kept to the entire scalp has allayed violent inflammation of the brain, and arrested fearful convulsions induced by too much blood there.

All inflammations, internal or external, are promptly subdued by the application of ice or ice water, because it is converted into steam, and rapidly conveys away the extra heat, and also diminishes the quantity of blood in the vessels of the part.

Insomnia may be relieved by wetting a towel in ice water and laying it on the back of the neck, covering it over with a dry towel smoothly folded. It is also particularly useful in case of a dull headache.

A piece of ice laid on the wrist will often arrest violent bleeding of the nose.—*The Ladies World.*

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First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Guided and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointment.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1923.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1633 Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

A Short Review of a Timely Article.

One sees very little about the Deaf in the popular magazines of today. Oftener you come across articles about the blind, yet deafness is a more common affliction. The many schools for them and the greater number in attendance to obtain an education and a trade, are two to one for the blind, making a rough guess.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for January is a very interesting article by a gentleman who lost his hearing at fourteen and is now in middle life. He does not call himself a semi-mute, but just *deafened*, a much better word to be applied to those who become deaf at different ages and can remember sounds and speech. His article is entitled "The Technique of Being Deaf."

This is very interesting and sensible, also informing, because it is written by one who experienced all the things he writes about. So many hard of hearing people take their misfortune in a despondent way, and will not let their friends converse by writing or finger spelling when one of the many instruments fail to carry the voice, or lip-reading is not clear. Often it is pride that prevents them from taking the way of least resistance. They fail to realize that advancing age causes their deafness to grow denser and at last fail altogether. My own loss of hearing in girlhood has brought me many experiences, funny, pathetic and embarrassing, by reason of failure of some to realize that all deafness does not mean hard of hearing. There are degrees. In vain has she said to stangers, "I am deaf, I am stone deaf, or my ears are hermetically sealed."

Even then the speakers come nearer and shout in the ear with all their strength. Strong enough to burst the already damaged ear drums.

Mr. Calkins, the author of this paper in the *Atlantic Monthly*, goes on to tell how he adapted his life and happiness to conditions learned by experience. The found Thomas Edison ready with an answer, when he asked him why, of all persons, he did not avail himself of one of the electrical devices for making hearing less difficult. "Too busy. A lot of time wasted in listening; my wife would want to talk to me all the time." With another quotation, we will show that the deafened don't miss much, when they go to parties and dinners. He says: "Discussing a banquet at which it might be polite for me to be seen, I said to a friend, I am not going to any more of these dinners. It is such a bore to sit there and not hear any speeches." "Not so much a bore as if you heard them," was the friend's feeling reply. The writer then goes on to give rules to those who must go out in the world, and meet salespeople, clerks, waiters, conductors, etc. "As a class," he says, "they have one irritating quality, they confuse physical defects with mental. They think that a deaf person is obtuse. The second rule is to ask questions that can be answered by 'Yes or No,' to prepare for as many emergencies as possible.

Then there is lip-reading, a wonderful art, which some practice with a dexterity a little short of marvelous, and which all of us utilize to some extent. But it must be admitted that the good Lord has created few people with legible countenances." There is a truth that many of us run up against. Some faces and lips can be read as easily as a page of clear print; others are meaningless, only a word caught here and there not enough to guess at the sense—for much lip-reading is guess work with the real deaf. Lectures and sermons are null.

Mr. Calkins then makes out two lists, one of liabilities to separate those things in which hearing is es-

sential from those where deafness is no bar, and even an advantage.

The expurgatories are:

1. The theatre.
2. Lectures.
3. Public dinners and most private ones.
4. Music, social dancing.
5. Games as "What is my thought like?"
6. Being read to.

The following are left:

1. Books.
2. Pictures and movies.
3. Art, painting, sculpture, science and architecture.
4. Scenery.
5. Travel on foot, by train, boat, horse and motor.
6. Exhibition dancing and spectacles and pageants.
7. Games like golf and whist.
8. Nearly all the hobbies. "It is a proper thing to urge the deaf to mingle with their fellows as much as possible and try to hear. It is one of the most fatiguing in the world, effort without result. I give it up."

He then turns to a deaf man's recreation. They are he says.

Some readers will say this is good advice to the hard of hearing; but I say it is also useful to the totally deaf, for many after school life go to live in places where there are none of their kind, so to keep from boredom in leisure time do the interesting things you can do or can learn to do. "Read, for there are few things you cannot learn from books." This gentleman, Ernest Elmo Calkins, ends his article with these words: "That he has been happy with a life packed full of exciting and most enthralling things to do, and wondering at fifty four if he is going to find time to do them all."

Many of the totally deaf have been successful people and have had no time to lament the loss. They enjoy to be drawn into conversation when in company or family circle. A hint is enough as to the subject matter and they will be ready with a timely remark, or bit of information. Thus they will escape the fate of the old deaf lady in one of Dickens' stories who, anxious to talk, but being left out, broke into a conversation with the information that "there are mile-stones on the road to Dover."

ISABEL V. JENKINS.

Lincoln at the Navy Yard

One afternoon during the summer of 1862 the President accompanied several gentlemen to the Washington Navy Yard to witness some experiments with a newly invented gun. Subsequently the party went aboard one of the steamers lying at the wharf. A discussion was going on as to the merits of the invention, in the midst of which Mr. Lincoln caught sight of some axes hanging up outside of the cabin. Leaving the group, he quietly went forward, and taking one down, returned with it, and said:

"Gentlemen, you may talk about your 'Raphael repeaters' and 'eleven inch Dahlgrens,' but here is an institution which I guess I understand better than any of you." With that he held the ax out at arm's length by the end of the handle, or "helve," as the wood-cutters call it—a feat not another person in the party could perform, though all made the attempt.

In such acts a this, showing that he neither forgot nor was ashamed of his humble origin, the good President exhibited his true nobility of character. He was a favorite illustration of his favorite poet's words: "The rank is but guinea's stamp, The man's the gold, for a' that!"

Burned to Death.

Mrs. Minnie Chatfield, 44, a deaf-mute, employed as a housekeeper for Mrs. Dele Willmont, at No. 38 Kenwood avenue, Binghamton, N. Y., sustained burns which later resulted in her death, when she attempted to extinguish a blaze in the apartment house at 6:30 o'clock last night. Unaware of the fact that the kitchen was a mass of flames and her only means of escape through the front hall shut off by dense smoke, Mrs. Chatfield went about her work for some time, unconscious of her danger. Finally she saw the reflection from the blaze on one of the bedroom doors and in her struggles to smother the flames with buckets of water and strips of bed clothing her wrapper became ignited. She died three hours later at the City Hospital.

Mrs. Chatfield is reported to have come to this city from Vermont about five years ago, and from that time with the exception of period of less than nine months she had been acting in the capacity of housekeeper for Mrs. Willmont.—*Binghamton, N. Y. Sun, February 9.*

He Probably Got His Wish

Tommy, though very young, is only four,—has a precocious appreciation of the pleasures of the table. His sister, who is a few years older, has recently been suffering from one of the common maladies of childhood, and as she became convalescent Tommy frequently observed the most tempting delicacies being carried into the sick room, from which he was still excluded. He decided to put in a word for himself. The next time he saw his mother bearing a tray of especially appetizing food to the invalid's door he made his plea.

"Mother," he said, "may I have the measles when Violet's finished with them?"

Washington

At a public meeting held at North-East Masonic Temple on the evening of January 3d, Washington Division, No. 46 N. F. S. D., installed the following board of officers for the ensuing year: President, W. P. Souder; Vice President, W. E. Marshall; Secretary, W. D. Eddington; Treasurer, H. L. Eddington; Patriarch, H. D. Drake; Director, Robert Johnson; Trustees, Wm. Cooper, H. S. Drake and E. J. McIlvaine; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. G. Blaine.

The Division's Social Committee has arranged a pretentious program of festivities for the coming year a few of which we will list: Saturday evening March 17th, St. Patrick's Day Social; April 7th, Annual Initiation and Smoker; June 2d, Festival at Bro. Drake's home at Kendall Green; and some Saturday in July a steam boat excursion to Marshall Hall. During August there will be a picnic at Rock Creek Park, and on Labor Day the annual outing and games will be held at Kendall Green. A Hallowe'en Social will be held in October, and last but not the least, will be the Gallaudet Day entertainment and Ball in December, 1922. Other socials and parties will more than likely be sandwiched in between these events. Hence, kind friends, it is evident that the Washington bunch of Silents is pretty wide awake, even tho the JOURNAL correspondent has been asleep at the switch for to these many moons.

Calvary Baptist Mission for the Deaf is still going strong, and from time to time has been adding new names to its roster. At the annual business meeting, Mr. W. P. Souder was retained as Sup't; Mr. E. E. Bernsdorff, Sec'y; and Mr. J. R. Courtney was elected Treasurer to succeed Mr. S. B. Alley who declined a re-election. During the past winter Calvary Mission has held many enjoyable and well attended Socials, and during the present year it is understood that Socials will be held monthly on the second Wednesday evening of each month.

These Socials are free to all, and every body is cordially invited to attend. Calvary Baptist Church is to be greatly enlarged this spring by a large addition to the present edifice. When completed Calvary will have the most commodious Church auditorium in Washington. It is presumed that as the deaf were liberal contributors to the building fund, they will be provided with a room for their own individual use. The management of Calvary has always been most solicitous for the welfare of its deaf members, and at intervals has lent a most helping hand to those who had unfortunately found themselves out of work or in distress. The minister to the deaf and his estimable helpmeet the Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Bryant, have been indefatigable in their labors and deserve great credit for their ministrations in behalf of their congregation.

At the annual business meeting of the National Literary Society, Mr. Robert Smoak was elected president; Miss R. Leitich, vice president, Mr. H. Eddington, Secretary; Mrs. W. E. Marshall, treasurer; Mrs. R. Smoak and Mr. W. E. Marshall, members of the program committee. The Society will hold a card party at North East Temple on the evening of February 14th. The committee on arrangements, Mr. Bernsdorff, Miss Julia Johnson and Mr. Lynch, assure a big time for all both great and small. So be on hand and help a good thing along. Admission only 25 cents.

An epidemic of the "Flu" and "Grip" has been prevalent in the Capital for the past several weeks. Quite a number of the Silent Colony have been affected, the most serious cases being at the homes of Rev. A. D. Bryant and R. P. Smoak. The whole Bryant family was quite ill at one time or another, and Mrs. Smoak was confined to her bed for some time. We are glad to state that all are now rapidly recovering, or have fully recovered.

The Ladies' K. K. K., which gathers bimonthly at the homes of its various members to swap gossip, talk shop and incidentally play a game or two of "500," recently re-elected Mrs. A. J. Parker president for another year. The Club's annual New Year party was held at the home of Mrs. Boswell, which was gayly decorated for the occasion. As the husbands and "best friends" of the ladies are always invited to these affairs, there was of course a large turn out. Every one present spent a most enjoyable evening. The games and refreshments arrangements were looked after by a committee composed of Mrs. Alley, Mrs. Harrison and Miss Nora Nannay.

The Capital Silents Basketball team, under the management of H. O. Nicol and captained by R. O. Scott, has evidently taken on a new lease of life. In the past few games the team has shown a remarkable improvement in form and in games with some of the strongest teams in and around Washington, their more experienced opponents have had to extend themselves to the limit to win by a point or two.

A Radiogram has just been received which states that Old Doc, Stork is on his way to Washington and will pay visits to several expectant Silent homes while he is in the Capital. Congratulatory messages will soon be the order of the day.

Having been stricken with the malady known as wanderlust, Messrs. R. J. Stewart and W. P. Souder of the Census Bureau, and Mr. Gerald Ferguson of the Treasury Dept. concluded that the only way to cure the disease would be a trip out to "Where the West begins." All three spent about three weeks visiting with friends and boon companions of their boyhood days. They returned to the Capital greatly pleased with their trip, their only regret being that it could not have been extended for a much longer period.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Bush of Richmond, Va., were in town for several days during the early part of February.

Mr. John T. Flood departed February 2d for a 3 months business and pleasure trip in Missouri and Nebraska.

Mr. H. Newton Lowry sailed from New York on the Mauretania January 27th, bound for his old home in England. He expects to return in about a month.

Mr. Marion Cooper entertained a number of his friends at a card party, at his home in Chevy Chase, one evening in January.

Several of our pretty dames and dandies attended the Frat. Mask Ball in New York Saturday night, February 3d. Those whose names have been handed to us were Mesdames Boswell and Zimmerman and Misses Rodenhaver and Elva Nannay. They were pleased to meet an old Washington friend, Mr. John O'Rourke, while there.

The father and sister of Mr. Wm. Cooper were in Washington on a recent Sunday and spent the day at the Cooper residence, on Sixth Street, N. E.

The Hiking Club, which is composed of the younger set of the Silent Colony and is officered entirely by young ladies, has been able to take several long jaunts during the present winter, which has been unusually mild. If we are not mistaken, Miss Rodenhaver is president and Miss Leitich secretary of the Club.

Mrs. Edmund Price and daughter, Mrs. Arthur Hultene, of Los Angeles, Cal., after an absence of fifteen years, returned to Washington for a visit of several months' duration last summer and fall. While here several informal functions were given in their honor.

Having disposed of their property on 9th Street, N. E., Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Souder have purchased a petit bungalow in North Brookland, to which they will move as soon as title thereto has been obtained.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brookmire spent several weeks with their daughter down in sunny Florida.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Sophia Eskin, mother of Jacob Eskin, a short time ago. She was well known to many of the local deaf, all of whom were grieved to learn of her passing away. The sympathy of the entire community is extended to the bereaved family.

The Rev. Mr. Merrill and his wife and daughter were in town during the early part of the winter, renewing old acquaintances and making new ones.

OCCASIONAL.

An Eskimo Caribou Hunt

In caribou hunting, nearly all Eskimos who hunt with bow and arrow use *inukit*, or "likenesses of men." When a band of caribou is seen grazing quietly, says Mr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson in the *Friendly Arctic*, the Eskimos hold a council of all present and determine upon an ambush toward which they will drive the game.

The ambush is made at the angle of two long lines of "monuments," which are set up from fifty to a hundred and fifty yards apart, according to the character of the country. In rocky country they are made by putting two or three stones one on top of another to a height of one or two feet. At intervals of perhaps half a mile along the line of stones, men, women, and even children, are stationed; and there must be at least one person at each end of the line.

The hunters gradually close in, and the caribou enter the V-shaped area. Presently they see one of the persons who are standing in the line of stones. Apparently the caribou recognize the little piles of stones as human being and dangerous enemies, or possibly they think they are wolves. At any rate the caribou are once scared and see that there are people in the line of stones. They seem to turn all little piles of stones into people. It seems absurd that two stones one on top of the other and a foot high should be feared as much by the caribou as if they were actual persons, but such appears to be the fact.

The animals seldom back through the line; usually they are driven at a speed of from five to eight miles an hour toward the ambush, where several of them are shot.

When you buy a Stetson headgear stop a moment and remember that a deaf man, Mr. John A. Roach, has just passed a quarter of a century of steady employment with this world-famous hat factory and has been declared entitled to receive munificent favors for his faithfulness.

—*Deaf Mississippian.*

Gallaudet College.

The P. C.'s were taught the mysteries of the annual snow-bath on the night of the seventh. There was six inches of snow on hand for the frolic, and the "uppers" made short work of the P. C.'s and a couple of Seniors, who looked too important.

One P. C. reports that he actually enjoyed it. They all looked pink and rosy on the morning after.

Prof. and Mrs. V. O. Skyberg are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby daughter at their home, No. 7, Faculty Row, on Tuesday, the sixth.

The students held a Valentine party in the chapel, Friday evening, the ninth, after the basket ball game, which all enjoyed. The committee in charge had arranged a very interesting programme, and the evening passed altogether too swiftly. It was necessary to hold the party ahead of the regular date, as other events are listed then.

Miss Jane Curry has returned to the Green after a sojourn at the Sibley Hospital. She has made rapid improvement and is now almost entirely well.

Edward Szopa, P. C., was called home by a serious illness in his family. Miss Marino, '26, was also called home by the death of her brother. They have our deepest sympathy.

The basket-ball team presented coach Hughes two straight victories as a wedding present this week. Mr. Hughes is wearing a smile a mile wide. The Lebanon Valley College players were our guests on Saturday and Sunday.

The candidates for admission to the Kappa Gamma fraternity are now in the midst of their initiation.

The following men are trying the test: Messrs. Clarence Baldwin, '23, Connecticut; Uriel Jones, '24, Florida; Nathan Lahn, '24, Kansas; Nathan Zimble, '24, Philadelphia; Harland Markel, '24, Philadelphia; Eugene McConell, '24, Ohio; Ben Yaffey, '25, Virginia; John Penn, '25, Virginia; Chas. Falk, '25, Nebraska; James Beauchamp, '26, Kentucky; Robert Fletcher, '26, Alabama; Edward Kaercher, '26, Philadelphia; Bob Bradley, '26, South Carolina.

The Freshman class had charge of the concert Sunday afternoon, the 11th, and had as their tropic "Abraham Lincoln." They rendered an interesting programme.

Gallaudet, 35 St. John's, 27

The Varsity five played true to form and won from the husky five from St. John's College Wednesday afternoon. Our men led from the very start, and there is no doubt as to which is the better team.

LaFountain and Boatwright played brilliantly and furnished us with many thrills with long shots. "Old reliable" Bradley was there with the foul shooting, so the game was ours. Little McCall, who was dropped from the squad earlier in the season, was given a tryout in the game, and did fine. The others, Stern, Davis and Capt. Baynes, were also there with the "boots on."

GALLAUDET.

Davis F Darley
Boatwright F Matthews
Stern C Kapp
LaFountain G Scott
Bradley G Cain

Field goals—Davis 4, LaFountain 4, Boatwright 3, Bradley 3, Baynes 2, Matthews 3, Scott, Darley, Kapp, Jarvis, Sticker 3. Foul goals—Bradley 7 of 12; Matthews 5 of 8. Subs—Baynes for Stern, McCall for Davis.

Gallaudet, 19 George Washington, 9

Our cup of joy was filled to overflowing Friday night, when the girls gave their old rivals, the George Washingtonians, a second trouncing in the return basket ball game. A shift in the line-up seemed to turn the trick, and our lasses were never headed. Capt. Moss has been shifted over to side center from her old place at guard, and this aided the team considerably.

Miss Sandberg played a wonderful game, and it's correct to say that she is the best shot in the entire school. Her baskets are clear thrown.

There was a fine crowd present, and it was a peach of a game. It's hard to say who were the stars, so I'll name them all: Misses Moss, Sandberg, Kannappell, Rogers, Newton, Crump and Clemons.

GALLAUDET GEORGE WASHINGTON
Sandberg F Tarrill
Kannappell F Chickering
Newton C Bowie
Moss S C Bixler
Rogers G Woodford
Crump G Wright

Field goals—Sandberg 4, Kannappell 3, Chickering 2, Bowie, Haight. Foul goals—Sandberg 3, Kannappell 2, Chickering 5. Subs—Clemons for Crump.

Gallaudet 38 Lebanon Valley 19

Revenge is sweet, and we tasted fruits of victory when the varsity five took the Lebanon Valley quint in to camp in our old "refrigerator." Last year the "Keystoners" swamped us, but paid for it this time.

The score 38 to 19 easily shows how well our team played. "Bob" Bradley was the individual star of the game. Scoring both field foul goals, LaFountain seems to have come back to old time form and made beautiful shots. As a whole the team played remarkable basket-ball shooting long

shots and passing fast and snappy. The bulk of the praise rests on these men: Boatwright, Bradley and LaFountain. It's been a long time since the Green has seen three fine victories in one week.

Lebanon Valley. Gallaudet.
Metoren F Davis
Wolfe F Boatwright
Krause C Baynes
Clarkin C LaFountain
Horman G Bradley

Field Goals—LaFountain 4, Boatwright 4, Bradley 3, Baynes 2, Stern, Wolfe 3, Horman Wnesdimiski, Roda—Bradley 10 of 14; Wolfe 9 of 14. Subs—Stern for Baynes, Lahn for La F., Smith for Wolfe, Wnesdimiski for Clarkin,

The Antiquity of Soap

The origin of soap is a mystery, but we have many evidences of its antiquity. It is mentioned in the Bible, under the name of "horith" at a period corresponding to several centuries before Christ.

In the Louvre, in Paris, there is an interesting old vase of Etruscan manufacture, whose age is computed at about 2199 years. It is interesting in connection with our subject as bearing a group of children in relief who are engaged in blowing bubbles from pipes. Though we must not overlook the fact that certain vegetable juices are capable of being used in blowing bubbles, it is for many reasons more probable that soap of artificial manufacture was employed for the purpose.

In the unearthed city of Pompeii, the preservation of which has been the means of revealing to us many antique customs, there is to be seen a soap manufactory, with all the kettle and paraphernalia pertaining to the business; also a quantity of soap, evidently the product of this antique "soapery."

The writer had the good fortune, when visiting Pompeii, to secure some of this ancient soap, and also a quantity of a peculiar white clay of a highly saponaceous character, and possessing remarkable detergent properties. It was taken from the bottom of a well, sunk inside the soap factory—the spring, no doubt, from which the Pompeian soap manufacturer obtained the water which he used in making his soap.—*Selected.*

Revenue officers are visiting every county in the United States to aid taxpayers in the preparation of their income tax returns for the year 1922.

Information concerning the date of their arrival and the location of their offices may be obtained by writing the collector of internal revenue for the district in which the taxpayer lives.

Forms for filing returns of individual net income for the year 1922 are being sent to taxpayers who filed returns for the year 1921.

Failure to receive a form, however, does not relieve the taxpayer of his obligation to file a return and pay the tax on time, on or before March 15, 1923. The forms, 1040A for filing returns of net income five thousand dollars and less and 1040 for filing returns of net income in excess of \$5,000, may be obtained from collectors of internal revenue and deputy collectors.

Returns are required of every single person whose net income for 1922 was \$1,000 or more or whose gross income was \$5,000 or more and of every married person whose net income was \$2,000 or more or whose gross income \$5,000 or more. Careful study of the instructions on the forms will greatly aid in making a correct return.

Who Owns a Swarm of Bees?

Much of the law by which we are governed is very old, some of it so old that it has never been written, but even some written laws are as old as the oldest remembered custom, or older. Thus, a judge has been quoting and using a law issued 1391 years ago, the subject of it being a flight of bees.

When bees swarm, and leave the old hive to form a new home, under the government of a chosen queen, they sometimes fly considerable distances before they settle in a cluster, and then the owner of the old hive and the swarm has difficulty in tracing them. If they settle on another man's property, as they often do, to whom do they belong?

It is a simple question, which must have troubled country people from the earliest times, and so it was settled long ago by an ancient law of the Roman Emperor Justinian.

The law says that if a hive swarms and the owner watches them, not allowing them to leave his sight, they are his wherever they settle. But if he loses sight of them, and has not traced them all the way as his bees, then they have flown out of his possession, and may be hived by anyone who finds them.

For that decision we go back to a law maker who died 1345 years ago.—*The Children's Newspaper.*

Rules for Good Letter Writing.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale calls the attention of his readers to six simple rules for good letter writing that every one will do well to remember:

1. Know what you want to say.
 2. Say it.
 3. Use your own language.
 4. Short words are better than long ones.
 5. The fewer words, the better.
 6. Leave out all fine passages.
- As one of the judges in a recent Prize Letter Writing Contest, Dr. Hale had an exceptional opportunity of examining letters from over 30,000 women. Many of these, he says, were ruled out at once because the handwriting was not good.

The great besetting sin, however, of letter writers seems to be that they do not know what they want to say when they begin their letters, and flounder about, to the disgust of the reader, until they hit upon a subject.

A few minutes spent in thought upon a letter before you begin to write will enhance its interest to the reader many fold.

The Chivalry of the Sea

Becalmed for 43 days in the Pacific, the crew of the schooner "William H. Smith" went 12 days without food, because they wanted to preserve the life of the captain's wife, who had just given birth to a child. It is a story of heroism and chivalry worthy of the best traditions of the sea. The crew of the "William H. Smith" were just simple, rough folk, the rugged, sometimes despised kind, that go down to the sea in ships. They were not sustained in their heroism by the glare of publicity and the plaudits of the world which so often momentums valor upon hand. Alone, far out upon the Pacific, with nothing but sea and sky about them, with no plaudits ringing in their ears, they prepared themselves to die that a mother and child might live.

Thank God for such chivalry and courage. It is one of those revelations of the innate goodness of men which strengthens ones faith in mankind. One of those little epics which teach us that love and chivalry and courage still burn brightly amidst so much of the selfishness and the littleness of the world.—*Ottawa Journal.*

NAVY FAREWELL AT HIPPODROME—Charles Dillingham and R. H. Burnside of the New York Hippodrome last week gave a farewell party at a performance of "Better Times" for Admiral Hilary P. Jones, commander-in-chief of the Navy, preparatory to the sailing of the Atlantic Fleet for Guantanamo, Cuba, for maneuvers. The Atlantic Fleet, with Admiral Jones later goes to the Pacific, where he will assume command of the combined fleets.

What Word do You Use

Professor Gilbert Murray asks the question, "What is it that gives words their characters?" A strange mystery—the character of a word!

He answers it in this fashion. The character of a word is made by the company it keeps in the minds of those who use it. "A word which belongs to the language of bars and billiard saloons will become permeated by the normal standard of mind prevalent in such places; a word which suggests Milton or Carlyle will have the flavor of these men's minds about it."

See how true this is. Compare the simple and lovely language of the Prayer Book with the coarse slang of the race course and the inane jargon of the music hall. We have only to think a few noble words to realize how feeble they would sound at a prize fight, and of a few brutal words to realize how impossible they would be either in a cathedral or on a page of Plato's philosophy.

It is worth thinking about. To stamp our speech with something fine and true we must see that the company of words in our minds is of a noble character.

The words we use are an index to our place in the rank of humanity.

DIED—In West Hartford, Conn., Saturday, February 3d, Vincent, son of Mr. Walker G. Durian and Elsie Farnkopf Durian, aged 4½ years. Funeral at the American School Chapel Tuesday, February 6th, Rev. G. H. Hutton and Principal L. R. Wheeler officiating. The sympathy of their many friends is extended to their young couple in their sad bereavement. This bright little fellow had just entered the West Hartford deaf school this last September.

Look! Listen!

"Deaf Patronize the Deaf"—send your magazine subscriptions to Miss Isabel E. Segel, 4714 So. Puget Sound Ave., Tacoma, Washington. Special "mit" offers and price lists gladly sent upon request. Miss Segel has been in the magazine agency business for 18 years, so you can be assured of A1 service. And don't forget to include the JOURNAL.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

K. L. D.

At its meeting on Saturday, February 10th, the K. L. D. continued to enroll new members. It has almost hundred now on its roll. In the absence of Grand Knight Haff, Secretary Daly presided with Mrs. John M. O'Donnell acting as secretary. The Council has decided to hold a picnic the coming summer. As usual, Ulmer Park will be the place for the outing.

The Athletic Committee is now organizing a baseball team. William O'Brien is acting as captain. They expect to put a good team in the field.

The Girls' basketball teams are still practicing at the Carrol Club gymnasium and show plenty of pep. The teams will be photographed by Pach in the near future. The flash light photo of the Inaugural dinner at the Carrol Club is a fine example of Pach's work, and almost every one present has one for a souvenir.

Mr. John M. O'Donnell who is Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, has been doing great work in getting up social affairs for the order. But he will take a rest during Lent and till after the week's Mission, which will be given by Father Dan D. Higgins, C. S. S. R., of St. Louis, Mo., during the week of April 15 to 22d. Father Higgins is one of the best sign talkers among the Catholic Clergy, and an invitation is extended to all to attend the Mission, which will begin Sunday, April 15th, in St. Francis Xavier's Church, 16th Street near 6th Ave.

On Sunday, February 18th, and on every third Sunday at 3 P. M., the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, of which Mr. Jere V. Fives is Perfect, and the League of Sacred Heart, of which Mr. J. F. Donnelly is president, meet together in St. Francis Xavier's. Father John A. Egan, S. J., is Chaplain of both Societies and invites all the attend.

The Sodality is for men only, but the League is composed of both ladies and gentlemen.

The performance of "The Mikado," in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church, on Saturday evening, February 10th, was well attended, and from a theatrical point of view was a brilliant success. The costumes of those who took part, the scenery and the acting, all were excellent, and Mr. Bradlock, who adapted the play and drilled the company, also had a prominent stage part, deserves the congratulations of everybody who attended. There was no printed program, but those who had parts, so far as the writer remembers, were: Guilbert C. Braddock, Adolph Pfandler, Fred King, Charles Olson, William Wren, John N. Funk, Lloyd Hutchison, Mrs. Garrison, Misses Wanda Makowsky, Anna M. Klaus, Alice Leahy, Cecile Hunter, Mabel Hall, Elsie Grossman.

Sunday afternoon, February 4th, was an afternoon that will be remembered by those present; it being an engagement party in honor of Miss Fannie Rubin, of Corona, N. Y., to Mr. Leob Altman of Philadelphia.

Games were indulged in, and in the evening a spread was set where all filled an empty tummy that brought out kind words of thankfulness, and not forgetting the drinks, oh—(Censor).

Among the army from the quakertown were Hyman Applebaum, Joseph Schumker, Rubin Miller and Morris Keyser, besides a goodly number of Noo Yawkers.

Mrs. Fred Wood, of Brookline, Mass., has been visiting in Brooklyn for two or three weeks. Accompanied by Miss Rachel Gantz, she attended the afternoon services at St. Ann's on February 11th. Mrs. Wood was educated at Fanwood and will be remembered by Fanwoodites of the eighties as Miss Peterson.

Nathan Schwartz, of Portsmouth, Va., was a visitor in New York City for a few days, and while here was the guest of Mr. Baum and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Glassner.

Mr. and Mrs. Moritz Schoonfeld became grandparents of a little boy on February 8th, by the birth of a son to their daughter Jean, who is Mrs. Spoor, of Schenectady, N. Y.

A young man, named Krasnick, educated at the School for the Deaf at Hartford, Ct., is employed by one of the New York Milk Companies as a night worker.

Emil Basch, the treasurer of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, has been sick at his home for a couple of weeks with the "Flu." He is on his feet again and attending to his daily duties.

Among the out-of-town visitors at the Frat Ball, on February 3d, was Mrs. Zimmerman, of Washington, D. C.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

February 10th, 1920—Martin Turner, a resident of the Home for Deaf, died last Saturday noon from acute indigestion, having been sick several days previous. A couple of relatives from Columbus visited him the day before and left him in the evening, supposing he would recover soon, but it was not to be, and less than twenty-four hours after they left he passed away. He was a good gentleman and his death is lamented by the residents of the Home. His age was about 64 years.

Mr. MacGregor went up Monday morning and conducted the funeral service at one o'clock. The remains were brought down to Columbus and interment was made in the family lot of Greentown cemetery.

The prevailing epidemic of colds, flu and grippe, taking off many of the Columbus residents, according to the death lists published in the city papers, Sunday night at the school, had a victim in the person of Miss Belle Young, a teacher here for about eighteen years.

She was seized with a cold about January 28th, but came to her classroom on the 30th and 31st to conduct the mid-year examinations. That was her last appearance in the school. Saturday when friends called to inquire as to her condition it had been reported serious, they were informed it was favorable. Later however other complications set in, and she was removed to Grant Hospital Sunday morning. The end came about 11:30 P. M., that night.

The funeral service was conducted Tuesday evening, at the chapel of the Denton, Donaldson and Hughes undertakers, attended by the members of her class, and some of the pupils, teachers and officers. The remains were taken next morning to Higninsport, Brown County, Ohio, her former home, for interment.

Miss Young for a number of years had made her home in this city with her sister, Mrs. Francis Boyd. She was a hard working teacher and did her best to instill knowledge into the youths that came under her instruction. More over, she was considerate to children handicapped by infirmities and befriended them in many ways to make life happier to them.

The 86th birthday anniversary of Edward Miner Gallaudet was honored by the Columbus Branch of the G. C. A. A. with a dinner and eulogies last Saturday noon, at the Lazarus store, a private room having been allotted them, where they could eat and talk without being disturbed by outsiders.

Twenty-six people partook of the feast and flow of soul, all members of the branch except Messrs. Wine-miller and Volp, who were detained by previous engagements. In addition to these: Mr. Arthur H. Norris of Indiana, Mrs. C. W. Charles, Mrs. Anna Callison, Mrs. Ohlemacher, Mrs. Ella Zell, Mrs. Joseph Leib, Miss Bessie M. Edgar, and Messrs. A. B. Showalter, Ernest Zell and A. J. Beckert.

A framed picture of Dr. Gallaudet had a place upon a stand. The top of the long table was in blue, and the place cards in buff with blue borders and the steeple of the college chapel ornamented the left end. The design was painted by Mr. Zell. After the guests were seated, Mr. Ohlemacher, as toastmaster, requested them, after Rev. Clarence W. Charles had asked grace, to look at the picture of him whom they had come to honor for a minute, which was promptly done.

Fine and well served was the

MENU
Roast Turkey Dressing
Mashed Potatoes Gravy
Cranberry Jelly
Choice of Drink
Caramel Parfait

These were the

TOASTS
"Now feast with the friendly bowl,
The mists of reason and the flow of soul."
Toastmaster, A. W. Ohlemacher, '99
Poem—In memory of Dr. Gallaudet, Miss Kate Toskey, Ex-'24
What Dr. Gallaudet did for the Deaf, Mr. Arthur H. Morris, '01
Fighting Down A Handicap, Miss Bessie Edgar
Discriminations against the Deaf, R. P. McGregory, '72
Dr. John B. Hotchkiss, Miss C. G. Lamson, '00

THE ROLL

Dr. Patterson, '70, Mr. MacGregory, '72, Mr. Greener, Ex-'77, Mr. Charles, '89, Mr. Zorn, '90, Miss Greener, N-'96, Mr. Ohlemacher, '99, Miss Lamson, '00, Miss MacGregory, '02, Miss Zell, '02, Mrs. Zorn, Ex-'02, Mr. Wine-miller, '04, Mrs. Wine-miller, Ex-'05, Mrs. Cook, Ex-'09, Mr. Volp, Ex-'18, Miss Lindsey, Ex-'21, Miss Toskey, Ex-'24, Miss Durant, Ex-'24.

The addresses were very interesting and each speaker was heartily applauded at the close of his discourse.

The entertainment given Saturday evening last, by the members of the Wednesday evening Club, though not as largely attended as it should have been, was enjoyable to all. The dancing exhibitions by

Miss Eshelman, Miss Durrant, Misses Clippinger and McCanley, were fine.

A feature between 4th and 5th acts was a sleight of hand performance by a Mr. Guest, of Cincinnati. Not any one could decipher his tricks.

MODERN CARMEN

Any Carmen Emmett Buist
Any Jose Fred Wondrack
Any Escamillo Abraham Mann
Bull Charles Patterson

ALLEGORY

Sight Anna King
Smell Ruth McCauley
Hearing Constance Clippinger
Taste Mary Kelch
Touch Victoria Godzionkowski
Egyptian Dance Ruth McCauley
Coming thru the eye Miss Durant

The amount taken in is about \$80 and expenses about \$40. There is still needed \$100 to secure the moving picture machine for the Home folks, to entertain and make life more happy to them. Any one inclined to help raise the balance by a contribution to the fund will be doing a generous act, and receive the hearty thanks of the ladies who are raising the fund.

A four-inch deep snow greeted people this morning when they climbed out of their beds.

A. B. G.



DEAR MR. HODGSON:—The last time I had the pleasure of holding your smiling and rubicund visage was at Detroit during the N. A. D. meeting there. I first met you thirty years ago, and I can not see that you had changed greatly in appearance during this period.

A particularly pleasing incident at Detroit, pleasing to me, was when, at the banquet, you were all ready to rush forth on the subject of your toast, "The Press," the Toast Master sandwiched me in it just ahead of you. For a moment I was afraid that you would blow up with your suppressed eloquence, but you opened your safety valve and let out a little steam now and then by butting in with remarks during my classic discourse on nothing in particular. After I had surrendered the floor, your eloquence was such that I have always felt it was an act of Providence that I was instrumental in temporarily checking the gusher.

Conventions are great places to meet and renew old friendships and make new ones. We keep in touch with both the passing and the rising generations. Our French friend might well remark that "Convention by convention, in every way, we are getting better and better."

This brings up the thought of the great convention that is to be held in St. Paul in 1924. It is a "Frat" Convention. There are probably a good many of "our noblest and best" who think a "Frat" Convention is strictly a "Frat" affair. Insofar as the business sessions are concerned, it is strictly a "Frat" affair, and none but duly accredited delegates and their alternates can take part in the proceedings. But, and it is a big BUT, insofar as the social features are concerned, the picnics, the balls, the banquets, the excursions and the other what-nots that go to make up the "social features" of a great convention, every mother's son and father's daughter of you are as welcome as the flowers in May.

How many of you go to a Convention with the aforethought intention of getting into a scrap on the floor of the convention hall? When you set out for a convention you cast dull care to the winds and your one great thought is to have a jolly good time. Away back in your subconscious self there is a lurking suspicion, born of experience, that you will get into a scrap and rather enjoy it. Anyone who wants a row can usually get it. At a "Frat" convention the only way you can have a scrap is by taking your wife along, or is it the husband.

The St. Paul "Frats," who have this convention in hand, are planning to entertain all of the deaf people in North America. They are going to lay themselves out to give the visitors a right royal good time. They want every deaf man and woman in the land to attend this convention and learn what a "Frat" convention is really like.

In conclusion, my dear Mr. Hodgson, I hope you will head a thundering big delegation from New York.

Yours truly,

JAY COOKER HOWARD.

An automatic coupler which connects the steam, air, signal, electric light and telephone lines on trains without manual aid of any kind has been invented.

Tacoma, Washington.

Miss May Seely, the pretty daughter of Mrs. Eva Seely, became the bride, on December 26th, 1922, of Dr. A. I. Button, a well known veterinarian physician of Kent, Wash. After a short honeymoon trip the happy couple are now at home in Kent. We all wish them happiness. Mrs. Button, before her marriage, was employed as clerk at the "exclusive" Bonneville Hotel. Among those resident at the Bonneville who are well known to the deaf hereabouts are Mrs. Jennie Hammond, mother of the late Miss Alice Hammond, and Mrs. Joseph McCabe, sister-in-law of Mrs. Emma Hutson.

Mrs. Eva Seely was the guest at luncheon Thursday, January 25th, of Miss Mabel Slegel. Among Santa's many mysterious abodes he actually owns a beautiful orange orchard in Redlands, Cal. This was demonstrated on Christmas day, when Miss Mabel Slegel received a consignment of delicious big juicy oranges, direct from his orchard. Contrary to our mode of living, he does not exist in time nor space, for he can be everywhere at the same time. Only on Christmas eve he was at the Slegel home on his rounds shaking hands with everybody!

Among the deaf here, who spent the Christmas holidays away from home, were Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hale and baby, who visited friends in Centralia, Wash., and Mrs. John Gerson, who visited her relatives in Astoria, Ore. John Gerson stayed at home, for, says he, "when a man has a good job with good pay, he shouldn't leave it for a day!" On Saturday, Dec. 23d, he made \$9.35 (piece work) What man is there that would add \$9.35 to his railroad ticket? He is employed at a cash and door factory.

Mr. John Gerson sold his second hand Maxwell car last October. But he will not be minus a car for long, he says. Next time it will be a "brand new car." Experience teaches many lessons.

A surprise party was given Mrs. E. C. Hale, on December 31st, in honor of her birthday. Because of inclement weather very few "showed up" at the party. The writer was one of those not present, so has not the details. However, it is hoped that enough were on hand to make it a merry affair.

Mrs. Emily Eaton, of Seattle, visited relatives in Tacoma during Christmas week. Practically all the married deaf in Tacoma—"The City of Homes"—own their own homes. Mr. Maurice Miller has just recently completed a little cottage, which he built himself during spare time. By this time, no doubt, his family are cozily domiciled therein. The Millers have two attractive children—a boy and a girl.

Ye Seattle correspondent (W. S. R.) is very kind. He assures the Tacoma writer that when "Tacoma is annexed to Seattle" the latter may retain the Southern position as her new field. Thanks. And when Seattle is annexed to Tacoma, the assistance of this generous hearted gentleman will be indispensable!

An item of interest to the deaf hereabouts appeared in the Akron, Ohio, new columns in the JOURNAL of January 18th, announcing the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Art Classen, on December 26th. Mr. Classen is a former Tacoma man, and Mrs. Classen was, before her marriage, Miss Letha Stuenkel, of Seattle. Congratulations! The same also to Mr. and Mrs. Thure Lindstrom, of Salem, Ore., and to Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Whitehead of Vancouver, B. C.

In the September, 1922, issue of Sunset Magazine "The West Great National Magazine"—in its departments entitled: "Interesting Westerners" appear an interesting article and picture of an Indian deaf-mute of Glacier, Montana. Under the picture was the following: John L. Clarke, Black foot Indian, is deaf and dumb, but Nature has given him exceptional skill as a sculptor of wild animals. The rocky Mountain goat shown here (standing by him in the picture) is about half life-size and was carved, with the pedestal, from a solid block of wood."

The article follows in part: "His favorite pastime was hunting and occasionally he strayed into the mountains, where he became familiar with the characteristics of lions and bears, and Rocky Mountain goats, Big Horn sheep, snakes and birds.

While resting from these hunting trips he amused himself by whittling.

One day, soon after the Government had set aside the area of Glacier National Park, Clarke was in the mountains of the park and carved the figure of a bear from a log. The figure, cleverly executed, was seen by Louis W. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway, and he asked Clarke to carve several dozen little bears to be used as pedestals for desk lamps in the log hotels of the park. The order was quickly filled and since then Clarke has devoted almost his entire time to the careful chiseling and carving of various forms of wild animals and Indians. Some of the objects are quite small, others are life size, but

each is remarkable for the skill it exhibits in detail and accuracy to the minutest degree. The majority of his figures, even the largest, are formed from one block of wood, which is more difficult than if made from several pieces joined after carving. Clarke is married and has a humble home at Glacier. His first exhibitions were placed last year, one in the Chicago Art Institute, the other at Gorham's in New York City. Both received highly favorable comment."

TACOMA BOOSTER.

CALIFORNIA

I saw my first oranges growing on a tree outdoors at Geyserville, and the first sight of California boring for oil was four miles north of Willits.

I saw Luther Burbank working in his gardens January 26th. I can well believe his estimate of yield per acre from his spineless cactus at 100 tons, from the specimens growing in his garden. Burlington, Wash., has a record in yield from one acre of ensilage-corn at 80 tons.

The new winter-growing Peru grass on the gardens is really a wonder. It was not nipped by the frosts.

The gardens are bare, except for isolated specimens and the trees. Burbank has a reputation for making \$5,000 or \$10,000 bonfires at the end of the growing season. He plants by the thousand or million, and what is not saved for the next season and continuous observation, is burned to make room for the new crops of experimental plants, etc.

He shows his age, it is still spry in his feet. His mentality to judge from his keen glances at me looking over the fence, is still unimpaired. He has been a tremendous benefit to California and to the world in producing new plants, in improving old ones, and in demonstrating the tremendous possibilities in plant culture. I am hoping he will be able to keep up his work for the next two decades.

The article in Popular Mechanics was exaggeration. The wireless set was a crystal one capable of catching only nearby signals. Well, I went to the Globe Phone Mfg. Co. agency in Monadnock Building San Francisco. I first was tested with the Globe earphones, and I really did hear very sharp noises. Finally I was tested with the vactophone (vacuum tube phone), and to my surprise I was told my hearing nerves were dead. Ability to hear such sounds as brass drum music, piercing whistles, etc., does not show capacity for getting ordinary conversation. Conversation is not high pitched or sharp, as many letters have sounds of low pitch, and band music does not mean the brass band boom all the way.

Still I am not discouraged. I am optimistic. Nothing is impossible. Something may be invented to take the place of dead aural nerves. If we can feel noise we will in time have something to help our feeling sound in some way. But if you are where you can test a vactophone, do so, for I know it really is a new, very sharp, very efficient ear, to help out the "hoir" ears.

At the San Francisco Palace of Fine Arts in Room 60 is the premier exhibition by Cadwallader Washburne of 16 etchings of Mexican scenes, 13 are of bull fights, and 3 are of pastoral scenes. The one entitled "A Vista" interested me most. Cadwallader Washburne has made a success in oil painting, and he seems to have made a better success in dry point etching. Inquiry developed the fact that he is now in Mexico or the South Seas.

It is hoped San Francisco will have a collection like the Walters, Widener, J. G. Johnson, Huntington or Field Columbian some day. The De Young collection it mostly copies.

I am supposed to be about half way between Mexico and Oregon, but I don't see or feel any change for warmth. Possibly I have got softened out and now can't stand 40 or 30 above, where I used to think 30 below was a little chilly. Possibly the luging round day after day of a heavy altar, has softened me till I now have my legs trembling and teeth chattering and fingers numb, when it gets to 40. What will I be, when I do get further south, where it is warmer? Will I be constipated, I will never go north again? I am afraid so.

I have a book on Emile Cone and his system of auto suggestion. I is great. Here's believing, here's having faith that it will do me good. For I need to be getting better and better every day in every way, or I see my finish. Just learned of the death of Dr. Hotchkiss—a great loss to Gallaudet College.

I am sorry, but I will not write very often hereafter.

THEO. C. MUELLER.

Redwood City, Cal.

Mr. Wm. Conzelman died at the Gallaudet Home on Friday, February 9th. The funeral services were held at the Home on Monday, February 12th, Rev. John H. Kent officiating. Mrs. Conzelman (Mary Rogers during her schooldays at Fanwood, over forty-five years ago) who was also an inmate of the Home, preceded him several months ago.

FANWOOD.

BASKET BALL TOURNAMENT.

STANDING OF TEAMS.

Senior Tournament				
TEAMS	G.	W.	L.	P.C.
Jimmy	7	6	1	.856
Abbe	6	4	2	.666
Dick	7	4	3	.571
Robbie	8	3	5	.375
Sam	6	2	4	.333
Joe	8	2	6	.250

Junior Tournament

TEAMS	G.	W.	L.	P.C.
Chicago	6	5	1	.833
New York	6	5	1	.833
Jersey City	7	3	4	.438
Stamford	7	3	4	.438
St. Louis	6	2	4	.333
Selleravilla	6	1	5	.166

Midjet Tournament

TEAMS	G.	W.	L.	P.C.
Ireland	9	7	2	.777
Mexico	8	6	2	.750
Japan	7	4	3	.571
England	7	3	4	.428
Italy	8	3	5	.375
France	7	2	5	.285
Belgium	6	1	5	.166

Girls' Tournament

TEAMS	G.	W.	L.	P.C.
Martel	5	4	1	.800
Mollie	6	3	3	.500
Ruby	6	3	3	.500
Rosie	5	1	4	.250

On Monday, February 5th, at 4:15 P. M., a large attendance of pupils watched in the basket ball tournament game between the Dicks and the Robbies in the gymnasium court. The ball was tossed up by Referee Lieutenant Frank Lux.

Cadet Adjutant Lester Cahill, guard for the Dicks, being absent, Cadet Sam Forman was substituted.

At the end of the first half the "Dicks" led with the score standing 8 to 6.

In the second period the Dick's speed and team work were too much for the Robbies. The Dicks defeated the Robbies by a score of 22 to 20.

Cadet Color Sergeant Casper Bylinski was the star guard on the winning team, Cadet Lieutenant Arthur Jensen, forward, starred for the losers.

DICKS	G.	F.	P.
Garlick, F.	1	0	2
Forman, F.	2	0	4
Pokorny, (Capt.), C.	0	4	4
McCarthy, G.	0	0	0
Bylinski, G.	6	0	12
Total	9	4	22
ROBBIES	G.	F.	P.
Ash, F.	2	0	4
Jensen, F.	6	0	12
Fitting, (Capt.), C.	2	0	4
Samuel, G.	0	0	0
Conklin, G.	0	0	0
Total	10	0	20

Referee—Lieut. F. Lux. Timekeeper—Cadet Chap. Charles Klein. Scorer—Cadet Musician D. Aellis. Time of halves—Fifteen minutes each.

The Jimmy team clashed in a basket ball tournament game with the Dick team in the "gym" on Wednesday, February 7th. All those who watched the game were wildly cheering. Finally the Dicks triumphed by the score of 20 to 18.

The line-up:—

DICK, (18)	POSITIONS	JIMMY, (20)
Garlick	Forward	Behrens
Forman	Forward	Cerniglio
Pokorny, (Capt.)	Center	Fox
McCarthy	Guard	Stewart, (Capt.)
Bylinski	Guard	Kapperschmidt

Referee—Lieutenant Frank Lux. Timekeeper—Cadet Captain Charles Klein. Scorer—Cadet Musician D. Aellis. Time of halves—Fifteen minutes each.

Among the visitors during the last week were Dr. Charles A. Leale of the Committee of Instruction, and Major Landon of the Visiting Committee, also Mrs. Landon.

Mr. Samuel R. Betts, President of the Institution, and Mrs. Betts, General George R. Dyer of the Board of Directors, and family, are spending a few weeks in Florida.

On Thursday evening, the 8th of February, the pupils assembled in the chapel for the Fanwood Literary Association, to see Prof. William G. Jones' lecture, entitled "Traffic of the City."

Miss Prudence Burchard, a former teacher at Fanwood, is in Bermuda, and enjoys the beautiful summer weather.

Principal Isaac B. Gardner kindly allowed us to go home for Lincoln's Birthday, and we returned to school on Tuesday, February 13th.

The Barrager team will go to Trenton, N. J., on Washington's Birthday. They will have for opponents the Girls' team of the State School for the Deaf for a thrilling basket ball game.

On Thursday, February 8th, Mr. and Mrs. Francis G. Landon were visitors to the school, and were escorted through the school by Principal Isaac B. Gardner. Mr. Francis G. Landon is a member of the Board of Directors.

Mr. George H. Davis, the Institution Accountant, was the recipient of much congratulation on February 7, which was the thirteenth anniversary of his coming to us.

ROBERT AND LESTER.

The oldest bell in America is in the rectory of East Haddam, Connecticut. This bell bears the date "A. D. 803," and is believed to have been taken from an ancient Spanish monastery.

LECTURE
— BY —
MISS ELEANOR SHERMAN
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Net Proceeds Donated to
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Fifty cents annually thereafter
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**Fourteenth Triennial Na-
tional Convention**
August 13--18, 1923
ATLANTA GEORGIA
MRS. C. L. JACKSON, Secretary
Local Committee on Arrangements
28 Wellborn Street Atlanta, Ga.
JOHN H. McFARLANE, Chairman
Convention Program Committee
Box 169 Talladega, Ala.
KEEP FAITH WITH ATLANTA
August 13--18, 1923

Necktie and Apron Party
AUSPICES OF :
BRONX DIVISION, No. 92
N. F. S. D.
TO BE HELD AT
Northside Republican Club
2603 Third Avenue
Near S. W. Cor. of
142d Street
Third Avenue “L” Station at 142d St
Washington's Birthday Eve
Wednesday Evening, Feb. 21, 1923

ADMISSION, - - 35 CENTS

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IN 1927



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reasonable and their capacity has proven
equal to all demands.

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THE KENMARK
THE METROPOLE
THE OXFORD
THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY
THE STANDISH
THE LANCASTER

THIRD ANNUAL GAMES
FANWOOD ATHLETIC
ASSOCIATION
Wednesday, May 30
[Particulars later]

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OF THE
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the Deaf.**

Organized to co-operate with the National
Association in the furtherance of its
stated objects. Initiation fee, \$1.50.
Annual dues, \$1.00. Officers: Marcus L.
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wald, Secretary, 1129-46d Street, Brook-
lyn, N. Y., or Alex. L. Pach, Grand
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way, New York.

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Meets at Loeffler's Hall, 508 Willis Ave.,
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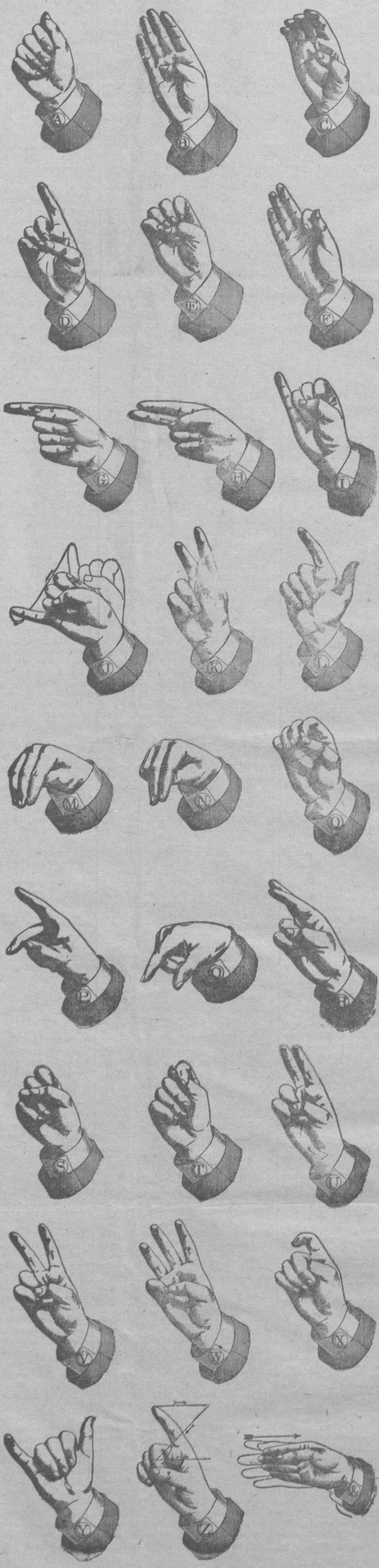
SAT. EVE ENTERTAINMENTS
MEETINGS 1923
Sat., Feb. 10th—Package Party & Games
Sat., March 24th—Lecture
Sat., April 21st—Apron & Necktie Party
& Games
Sat., May 19th—Free Social & Games
Sat., June 9th—Strawberry Festival in
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457 Springfield Ave. Newark, N. J.
On Saturday Evening, February 24, 1923
TICKETS (Including War Tax and Wardrobe) 75 CENTS
MUSIC BY WM. DORN'S ORCHESTRA
ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE
Albert Balmuth, Chairman Charles E. Quigley, Secretary
John B. Ward William Atkinson
John Macbee Albert Neger
Merton Moses
How to Reach the Hall—From New York take Hudson and Manhattan Tube
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Entertainment & Dance
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NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF
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Cor. Bergen Ave. and Forest St.
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Saturday Evening, March 17, 1923
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COMMITTEE
C. Droste Chas. Hammer, Chairman
J. Garland J. Herbst E. Earfst T. Kelly
J. Davison F. Konzelman F. Orlando

DIRECTIONS—Take Hudson and Manhattan Tube to Summit Avenue Station, Jersey
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trolley cars run to Forrest Street, which is one block to Bergen Avenue.

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FRATERNAL SOCIETY FOR THE DEAF,
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1923.

RESERVED FOR ST. THOMAS' MISSION TO THE DEAF
NEWARK, N. J.
November 8, 9, 10, 1923

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